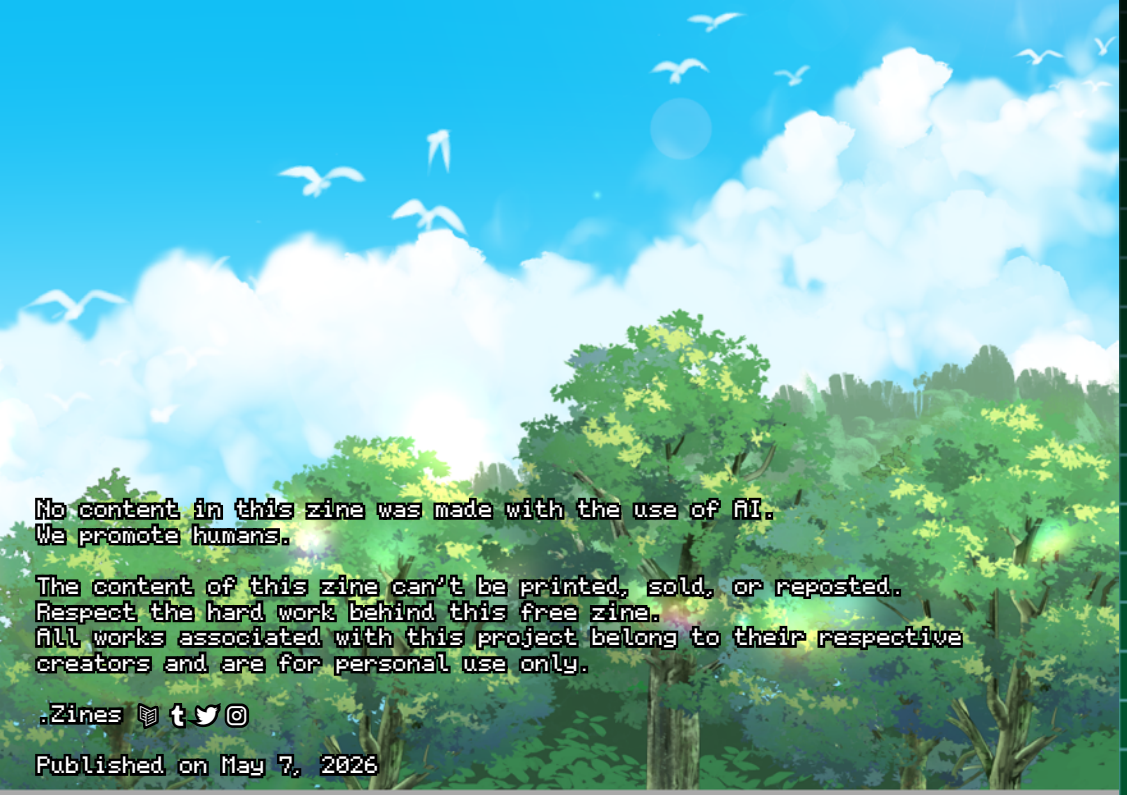
Mission
All Hands On Deck!
A POKEMON RANGER ZINE
.ZINES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.Zines
Published on May 7, 2026

Start Game

Zine Merch

Touch the screen to see the Credits

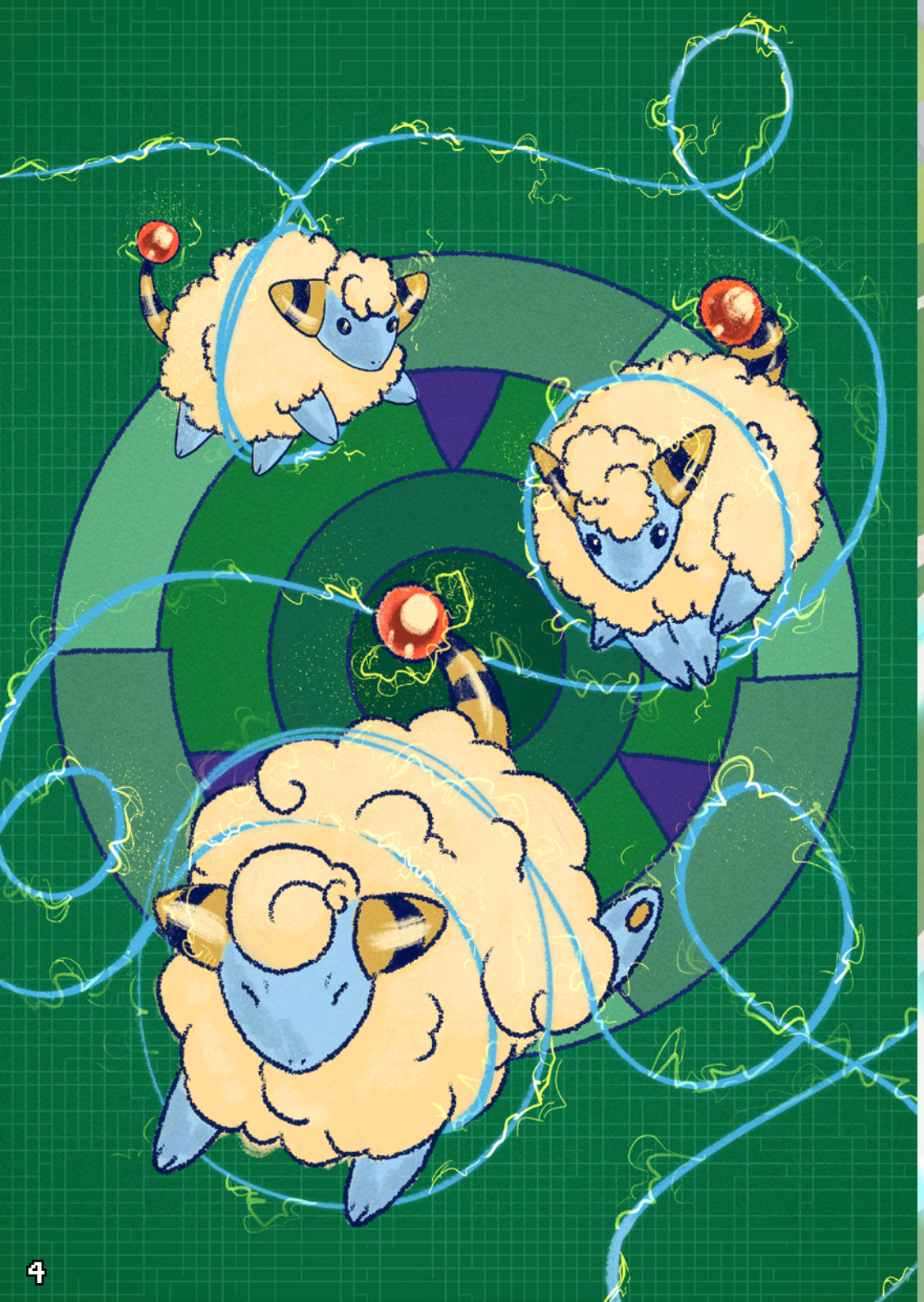
Pokémon Ranger is a spin-off so near and dear to the hearts of so many people, but one which is unfortunately quite underrated. It's been so long since we've heard of any Rangers news, but that does not mean the series has been forgotten!

Mission: All Hands on Deck is living proof of that! With the hard work of our wonderful contributors, we've put together this project dedicated to the Rangers series. Within these pages you'll find so much love from Rangers fans — beautiful art, incredible stories, and a treasure trove of merch!

If you're reading this, then you're probably just as passionate about Pokémon Ranger as we are, and for that, we have to say: thank you for helping keep the series alive in your hearts. Thank you to our contributors who've worked on this project, and to the moderators, who have put their all into ensuring this project is the best it can be.

We hope you love reading as much as we've all enjoyed creating.

Capture on!



KeaneArts

@emeslines

Report #34

by Rae Dodd

Dear Diary,

You wouldn't believe what happened to me today. I was trying to just get some air - right. Go on a little walk for my own mental health and just enjoy the nice weather. With everything that's been going on at home it just felt like the right thing to do. I wasn't stupid about it either - it's not my first trip through Vien Forest so I took Duggers with me.

I was enjoying myself - I didn't want to stray from the forest trail much so we kept to the path. The trees were lovely, the Combee were buzzing, it was that perfect sort of weather where it is nice and warm with the sun high up in the sky but as we were walking through the trees it was nice and shaded. Literally perfect for a forest stroll. As we were walking, though, Duggers got all stiff and weird and the Combee stopped buzzing. It was so CRAZY how quiet the forest got - it sounded like even the wind stopped blowing. I stopped, right - because you never want to be in a place where even the Pokémon are scared, and I was trying to figure out what I should do.

I've never been in an earthquake before - especially when I'm outside among the trees. Trees were falling all around and to make matters worse, all of a sudden there was this huge rush of all sorts of the forest Pokémon all running towards me.

I thought I was going to get crushed to death for sure! Duggers had tucked her head and paws under her big ears and I could tell she was getting scared so I picked her up, and I swear I felt a Tangela's vines right on me, scratchy across my arms, as the forest Pokémon were running from whatever was scaring them! It seemed to calm down just for a moment - all the Pokémon had passed me and I thought it was all over when suddenly this enormous rampaging Steelix came out of nowhere!!! The earthquake or something must have upset it, and it suddenly made sense why all the other Pokémon had been fleeing because the Steelix was out of control, roaring and snarling - maybe at me - but I think maybe it was just upset and I could really only think of two things:

1. Duggers cannot defeat a Steelix.
2. I'm so done for.

Before I could even come up with my last will and testament to the world, out of nowhere I saw a flash of red and got pulled out of the way by a beautiful, gleaming red Scizor. I've never seen a Scizor before, and yet here one had just scooped me out of the way of a berserker Steelix. I wasn't in it's arms (pincers?) for long, but it was warmer than I thought from a Steel Pokémon, and it placed me and Duggers gently in the brush next to the path and stood ahead of

me like a guard. I couldn't even think where it had come from until suddenly, this woman ran out of the trees and oh. My. Arceus.

She was maybe the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my life. In her 20s, maybe just a bit older than me! I had met a few of the Rangers before - the school is not far from here - but I didn't recognise her or her partner (who turns out was the Scizor who saved me!) I would have recognised her because she had a crop of bright red short hair that almost matched her Scizor!

I've never seen a Ranger in action this close before - she was so fast with her Styler I couldn't really see what happened - one moment the Steelix was enraged, and then she twisted her hand up and like a shot the Styler flew from a device on her arm and a wrap of light had wrapped around the Pokémon. It seemed like as quickly as it had burst out of the trees and scared me and every Furret in the forest, she had calmed it.

I sort of gawked at her from behind her Scizor while she checked over the Steelix, and then she patted him. Like pat him on the head like he was a Growlithe and sent him on his way. Only then did she turn to me and ask me if I was okay. I don't even know what I said. I just was staring at her the whole time and I think I managed to thank her and run out of the woods.

I don't really know if my mental health walk was good or bad for my mental health. But maybe I should look up how to get into that Ranger School if she is there…

Until next time Diary - signing off
potential Ranger Recruit Maggie Jones

Ranger Report #34-IZ

Ranger Assigned: Ranger Penn Mares and Partner Slicker (Assigned Pokemon Partner Scizor)
Date: 4th May 2026

Incident Report:

Having newly transferred into the Almia region from Johto, I have been assigned to patrol some basic routes in the nearby surroundings. I have been making myself comfortable with the inhabitants of Vien Forest where the incident this afternoon took place. Slicker and I were on routine patrol when there was a disturbance in the forest. We felt seismic activity that would indicate perhaps a disturbance with some Ground or Rock Pokémon - potentially in distress. It was hard to pinpoint the epicentre of the seismic activity; however, following the rush of Vien Forest Pokémon fleeing, I was able to track down the issue.

A wild Steelix was seemingly enraged - source needs more investigation - but more importantly there was a human civilian in the midst of the scene with her partner Bunnelby. Civilian was a young woman - approximately 18 to 20 years old - with a seemingly distressed Bunnelby - unlikely a battle Pokémon and thus unable to fight in the situation.

Slicker was fast on the action to pull both the civilian and her Bunnelby out of the way of several falling trees beside the enraged Steelix heading towards the path where the civilian was.

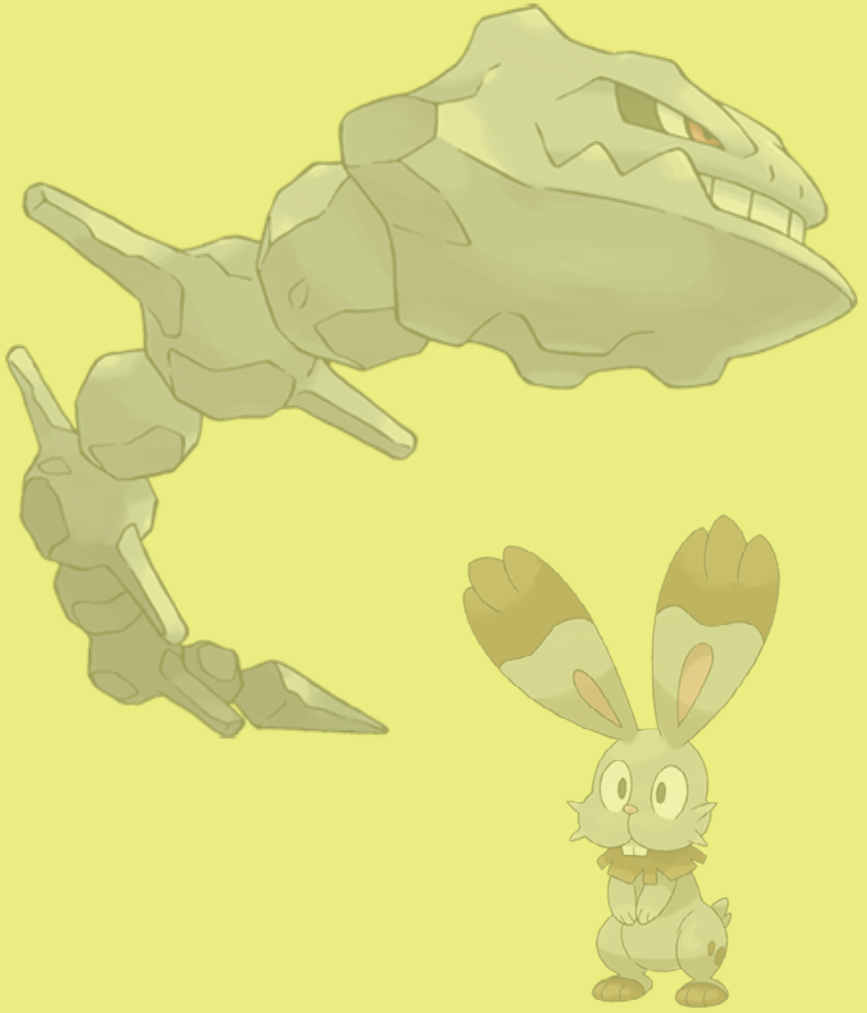
I deployed my Capture Styler to capture the Steelix to calm it whilst Slicker was able to guard the civilian. Capture was successful and I managed to then soothe the Steelix. I could not see any sign of harm or injury on the Pokémon and it is difficult to determine whether the seismic activity was caused by the Pokémon or if the earthquake had triggered the Pokémon's stress.

Verdict Inconclusive - I would like to investigate the forest further for any additional signs of issues.

I introduced myself to the civilian - her name is Maggie and she is a local to the town. I did a brief assessment of her health and wellbeing and she said she did not require any first aid and declined an escort home.

Further investigation needed into the Vien Forest seismic activity.

Signed Off - Ranger Mares



RANGER RUBY SAYS -

Keep an eye out for smaller pokémon!

ROUTE 3
ARGENTA
AZURIA
Tee chew

SOLANA!
YOU'RE OKAY!
I WAS ORDERED TO ASSIST YOUR MISSION.
Lunick: But you know what?
I would have come for you even if I wasn't ordered.
...Eheheh.

Note!!

@kaitogirldraws

DREAM FOR A DAY

by blueralts

I feel like I'm always waiting for something to happen. It's perpetual—these humid summer days have never felt so drab, and I just can't figure out *why*!

My parents are way out in the fields tending to the harvest, and here in the living room I sit, bored out of my socks, staring at the ceiling. I grip the cushions on the floor beneath me and sigh. Picking berries and raking soil has never been fun, nor my forte, based on how often I'd splatter ripe Oran and Rawst all over each bucket, which is why I've been relegated to the most exciting responsibility in the world: catsitting. At least I'm allowed to watch TV this time, but nothing *cool* is on, so I'm just curbing my boredom by thinking about *how much this sucks…!*

"Skiiiitty," I sit up and shout. "Do you wanna play in the yard?"

"Mrowww…" I hear her softly shuffle amongst her tiny makeshift haybed, probably giving my general vicinity a scornful stare.

"Are you sure you don't? What about the woods?" I chirp, grinning like a goof. "We can play Ranger again!"

"Mrowow… Mow…"

"You're no fun!" I scoff, plopping my weary head back onto the cushions. "You never wanna play anymore…"

I sink into the ground, gazing longingly at the sunlight streaming onto the wooden ceiling. I can still remember the energy in the air—the thrill of sliding knee-first on the grass, dodging Scratches and rays of Swift, whipping and twirling my arms around like all my favorite Rangers on TV. We used to have so much fun, but ever since a wayward star cut my knee up, I just haven't had the same pep! Neither has Skitty; she seems to have more fun sleeping, or maybe she's worried that I'll get hurt again.

I lift myself up and look back at the tiny TV perched on its aged wooden shelf. Streams of colorful ads babbling annoying jargon blend together. My hands squish into my cheeks, digits folding over my eyes as I ward off another nap.

Minutes blur by. Another quick peek from between my fingers; it looks like the news is on, but that's really not my thing. I think I'll just… doze off…

"… looks to be a sunny weekend throughout southern Almia…"

"Sightings of… Dim Sun… increased…"

"… thanks to the work of Kellyn, the cave's Pokémon were quelled…"

Wait, *who*? I scramble to my feet, dashing to the screen and watching intently. That's the older kid from just up the road! And they're interviewing him, too?

"You've only just graduated from the Ranger School," the reporter says, holding a microphone to Kellyn's face. *"How've you learned to keep your composure under such immense pressure?"*

A modest expression forms on his face, and then he smiles. *"It's not easy, but with Pachirisu working hard by my side, I feel a whole lot braver!"*

"With so many rogue incidents lately, it's nice to know we have Rangers like you protecting people and Pokémon!"

My chest tightens with ambition. Watching Kellyn and his partner help Pokémon in need, living out their dream—*my* dream… I've got to do something! I can't keep sitting here and moping!

"Skitty!" I run over to the front door and throw on my shoes. "I'll be back soon!"

"Kiiiiii…?"

"Don't worry! I'm gonna go help everyone!"

▪ ▪ ▪

The depths of Vien Forest aren't usually *this* quiet. The brush is even thicker than

I remember, but I'm managing well, pushing and plowing my way through each bush and tree, looking for any sign of trouble. I know this place like the back of my hand. If memory serves me right, the cave should be right…

…here! I dash toward the gaping hole in the rocky cliff. Kellyn might've already cleared this area out, but what if there's still some Pokémon left injured? I slip into the cave, peering further into the inky darkness, steeling my body and mind.

Hhhhmm…MmMmMmMm…

I hear a strange humming not too far ahead. That doesn't sound like a Pokémon I've ever heard. What could it be? I carefully approach the bend and peer slowly around the wall.

I've never seen *anything* like it before: the contraption is colored crimson, with strange silver rings spinning rapidly. Every few seconds, it emits a strange buzzing noise, and there's a loud whirring coming from…!

"Urk…!" I clasp my hand over my mouth. There's a horde of Zubat flying above, hypnotically spiraling as if in a trance. I steady my breath. There are just so many… What if I can't do *anything*?

"No… You've got to!" I whisper, pumping my fists. "You've got to save them!"

"Hey!" I shout, confidently stepping into the opening. "Over here!"

The Zubat *screech*, zoning directly onto my voice. I know they can't see, so maybe if I bounce my shouts off these rounded cave walls, it'll confuse them!

"Heeeeere!" I shout at a wall and *run*. The horde doesn't fall for it. They divebomb me one by one; I rhythmically jump, duck, and dash, narrowly avoiding each strike, recalling all the times Skitty and I used to practice these same fluid motions. *"One, two, three, jump! One, two, three, slide!"*

I'm inching closer to the machine now; its noises grow *louder*. The Zubat certainly aren't giving up, baring their fangs with each attempted strike I dodge. My knee begins to ache. I'm struggling to stay nimble!

"Ack!" I trip over a stone and nearly faceplant onto the jagged ground. I groan, mustering the courage to look above. They're coalescing above me now, swirling into a tornadic cone and readying their final strike. This is it… I'm done for!

"Captureeeee… *on!*"

"Pachiiiiiii!"

A sparking trail of yellow light begins to encircle the cone, trapping the horde. The Zubat shriek as the trail tightens its spiral, corralling them into a tiny ball.

"Vatonage! And… you're… free!"

The light forms a tight ring, then *pops*. The machine utters a final, pained buzz, then collapses into the dirt, the Zubat dispersing in reaction. I cough, realizing I'm safe, but who saved me?

"Darn grunts planted another one! Hey, are you alright?" A hand reaches down toward my face. It's… Kellyn! And his Pachirisu! What're they doing here?

"I-I'm okay. I just," I sniff, taking his hand, realizing I've failed my mission. "I couldn't do anything…"

"Hey," he pats my back. "The way you were wrangling those critters was the bravest thing I've ever seen! You did everything you could." His Pachirisu's happy chirps trail his voice.

"B-But… I couldn't save them like you…"

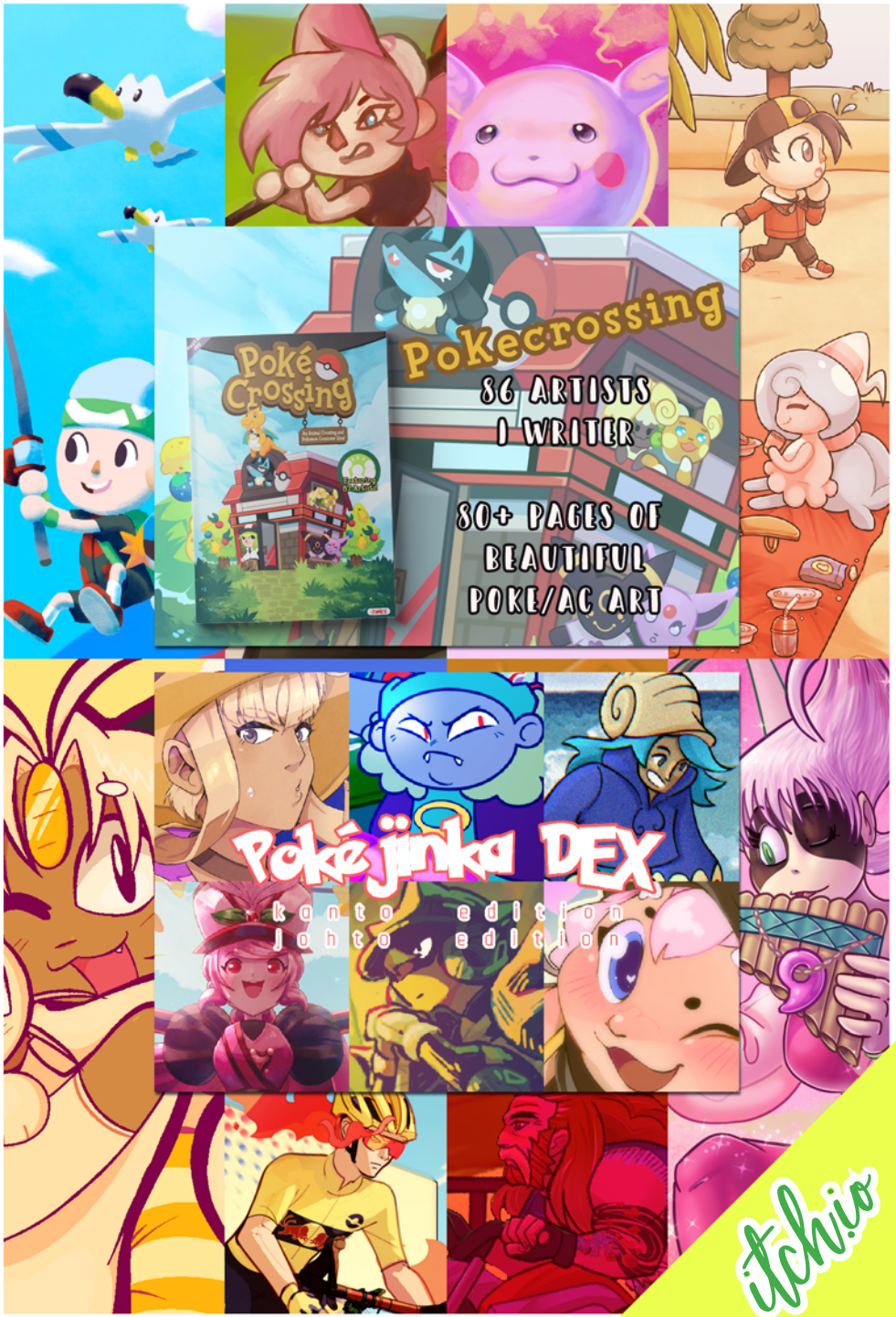
A gentle smile forms on his face. "But you gave me the opening I needed to save them. If you hadn't risked your safety, things might've gotten *much* worse. You're a hero too!"

I hadn't even thought of it that way. Maybe… Maybe I did help! Maybe Skitty will be proud of me—enough to start practicing again!

"But make sure to call us next time, alright?" he chuckles. "It's our job. We're here for both people and Pokémon alike!"

I smile, wiping tears from my face. "Do you think… I'll be just like you one day?"

He smiles back. "You already are."



@EGGROLLAEX

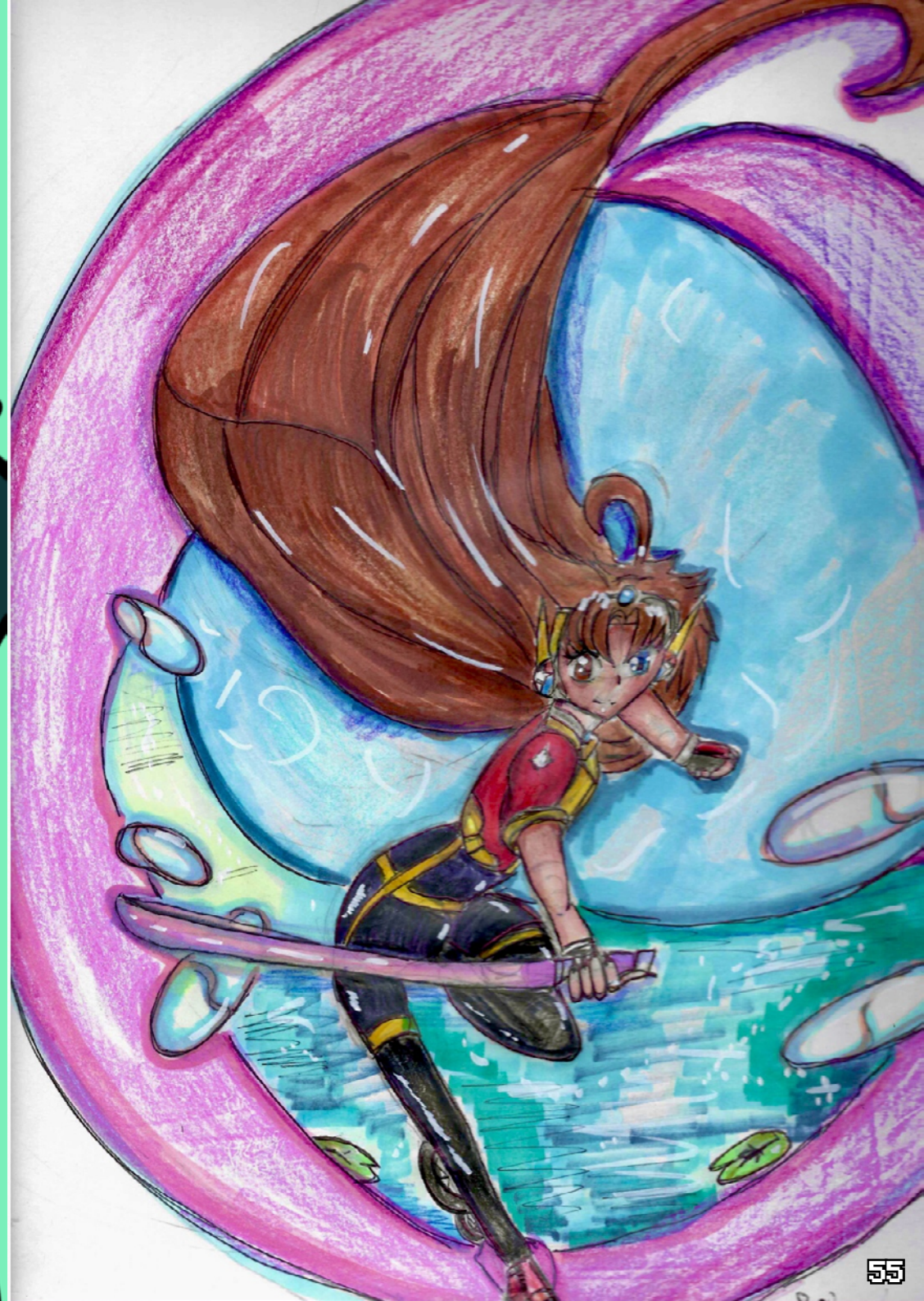
LatiasBlue

ウバメの森
Ilex Forest

MEENAH
RAY

1'20"06

Aah, Lunick-san will get mad at us...



Mission: Of the Heart

by JustABug

He'd misbehaved.

At least, that's what Professor Hastings claimed when assigning Ben the horrid task of tidying his office. Hastings wasn't a slob, but he was your typical professor: so absorbed in his work he left a mess in his wake. Ben sighed, leaning against the broom as he glanced out the window. While all his fellow Rangers-in-training spent their sunny afternoon practicing, he was stuck cleaning.

Well, he could certainly take a break. Right?

Unlike his earlier hesitation to start cleaning the chaotic office, it took him no time to reach to his belt and pull out the Capture Styler he'd been given for practicing. He could take a moment to practice using it. It was, after all, going to be far more beneficial to him than cleaning this room.

Ben wasn't exactly the best at using his Styler, but that was nothing plenty of practice couldn't fix. So, plenty of practice he must do. A couple moments soon turned into minutes as he tried to control his Styler. It was a bit tricky-so much so he'd once complained to the professor that he'd been given a faulty one. Professor Hastings didn't believe him.

So, as the little object went zinging to the side without so much of a flick of Ben's wrist, he heard himself groan. His arm dropped to his side, the broom long forgotten on the floor, as he stared menacingly in the direction he'd seen the Styler fly. As he walked towards the wall, the glint of its metal casing caught his eye.

The Styler had flown into the wall and, unfortunately, left a little dent. It was fine. No way Professor Hastings would ever see it in this mess. As he reached for the object, he spotted something else in his peripheral vision. It wasn't another dent in the wall, nor a large dust Buneary. It was a book. It couldn't possibly be another Styler-It was dull, not shiny. Whatever it was, it wasn't where it belonged, because last time Ben checked, books belonged on bookshelves, not crammed behind them.

It had fallen behind the bookshelf at some point and, judging by the amount of dust on its cover, that had happened some time ago. It wasn't too much of a surprise considering Professor Hastings wasn't the most organized man in the world. Ben probably never even would have found it had he not been fooling around with his practice Styler and sent it flying all over the room.

The book was leather-bound, but not like

some ancient tome or fancy book. Rather, it looked flimsy, dingy, and just plain old. Nothing special. That didn't mean he wasn't curious about its contents. Despite its position between the furniture and the wall, it wasn't hard to pull out-although he did cough like a Koffing after trying to blow all the dust off of it.

No title.

Strange.

Ben didn't bother to study the cover more-it wouldn't tell him anything anyways-before flipping the leather cover over. He was disappointed, to say the least.

He expected something crazy or rare but, instead, he was faced with a bunch of familiar scribbled words. Without a doubt, it was Professor Hastings' handwriting. He flipped through a few more pages of the book, only to discover it was filled with nothing but that same illegible script. It was the kind of scrawl only the writer could read-although Ben swore he'd seen the professor struggle to read his own writing before.

It was hard to read, but as he flipped through another small chunk of pages, he was able to pick out a few sentences here and there.

Journal entry #1

…and we were all in agreement. As it is, there is still much to be improved between Trainers and Pokémon, but the efforts cannot stop there. We, as humans, have the duty to protect those Pokémon even out of our grasp. We must help those who house themselves not only in Balls, but in caves and forests and lakes as well.

We're going to work harder.

We must work harder.

The three of us can do it. We agree we can bring peace and harmony to all without destroying the lifestyles of wild Pokémon. Now, we just need to start…

Interesting.

That was Ben's first thought. His second was to wonder just how old this thing was. Was it Professor Hastings' private journal? Just how old was it that he was not only talking like he hadn't made the Capture Styler yet, but he'd forgotten it behind a bookshelf?

Ben flipped through a few more pages, curiosity besting his work ethic-not that he really wanted to clean in the first place. He'd have to see just how far back these entries really went.

Journal entry #16

I finally did it. I managed to design a device that temporarily grants the attributes of a Poké Ball. One can request the aid of a Pokémon without the need for permanent capture. Now that the design is complete, I'll need to find the appropriate tools to…

Ben couldn't make out the rest, but it did really seem like this diary went back to before the professor had invented the Capture Styler. Ben's eyes moved from the practice Styler at his hip and back to the journal, now intrigued more than ever to find out how Professor Hastings invented the Capture Styler.

Prototype A5 was a failure, as was Prototype B2. While the calibration of the A series is still superior to the B series, the latter stores more power within each stroke. I'll need to work harder to optimize it. I do not wish to go to a series C, but if I must, I will try…

Just how many prototypes had the professor gone through before achieving what Rangers use today? He was pretty sure the professor was also always working to improve the current design. What iteration was this practice stylus? How much more effort had gone into the modern-day Styler used by true Rangers?

He grabbed a chunk of pages and flipped

them.

Journal entry #37

…with the Styler now complete, and Lamont's school receiving its first students, we only wait for Erma's Ranger Union to come to fruition. To think after all these years we'd finally made it. Our work is, of course, never truly complete. We'll keep working to improve the groundwork we so passionately laid out.

He wasn't at the end of the journal, but as he flipped page after page, he found nothing else. No writings, no drawings, no random things stuck between the pages. They were blank, the last 10 or so pages. He flipped back to the final page, and read the final sentences again.

We've come so far, and yet, complete peace eludes us. Every step and every improvement gets us closer, but it is hard to keep going when the difference we've made is so small.

But, I must remember one thing: we are but three people in this world. We cannot solve everything. That is why we've created the Ranger School

and Union and the Styler itself. It isn't so that we can bring peace, but so that we can build a society, a new generation of Rangers who can.

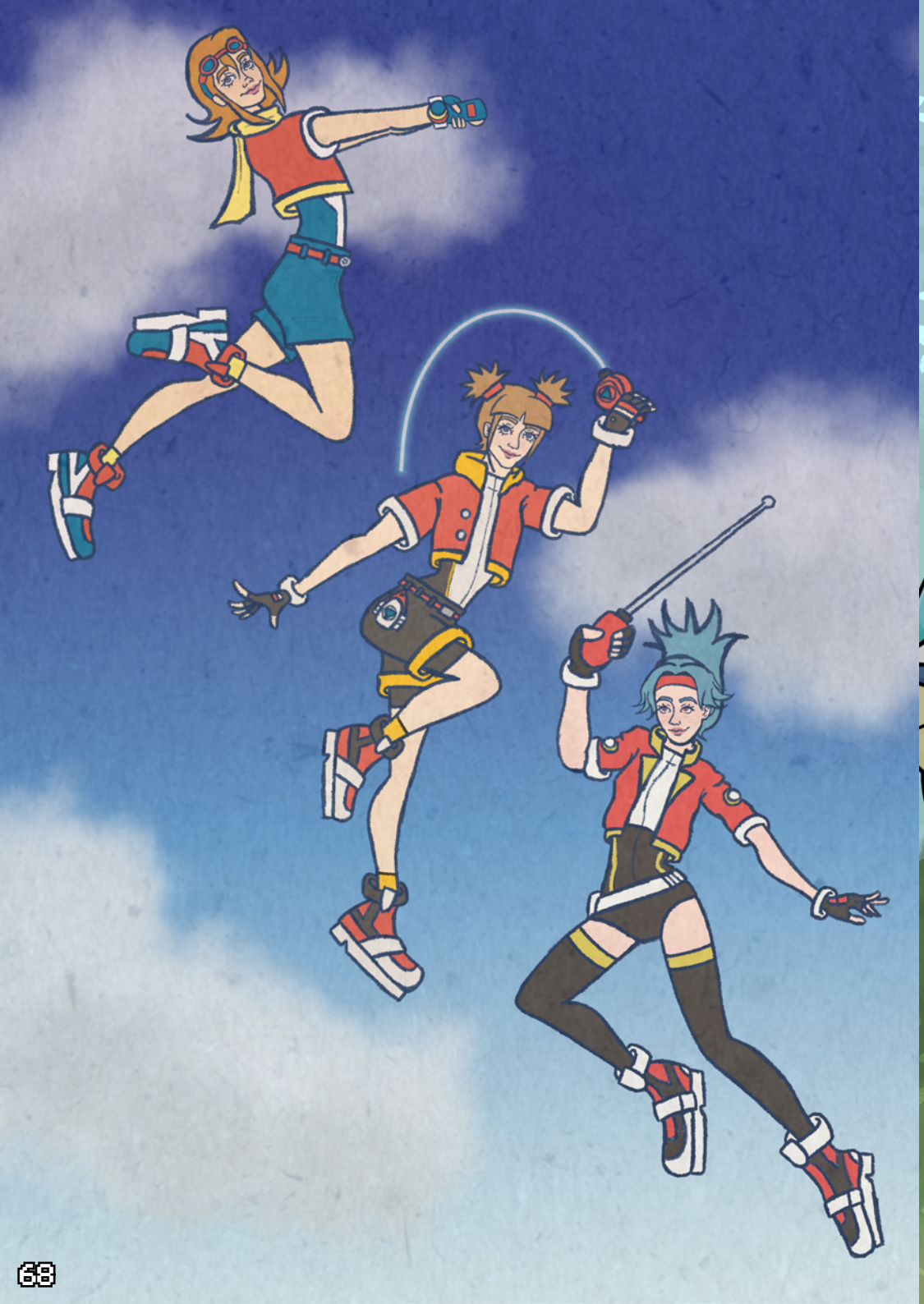
A sudden calm state flooded Ben.

The book was shut, gently. It was then placed carefully on the bookshelf, like a precious artifact because, frankly, that's what it was. Ben returned to where he'd discarded his broom and picked it up, no longer sluggishly sweeping.

Maybe cleaning this office wasn't what he wanted to be doing, but it was good for him. Even this, as stupid as it felt, was making their world a better place. Even cleaning, he could become a great Ranger.

After, of course, he finished this hellish chore.

enye



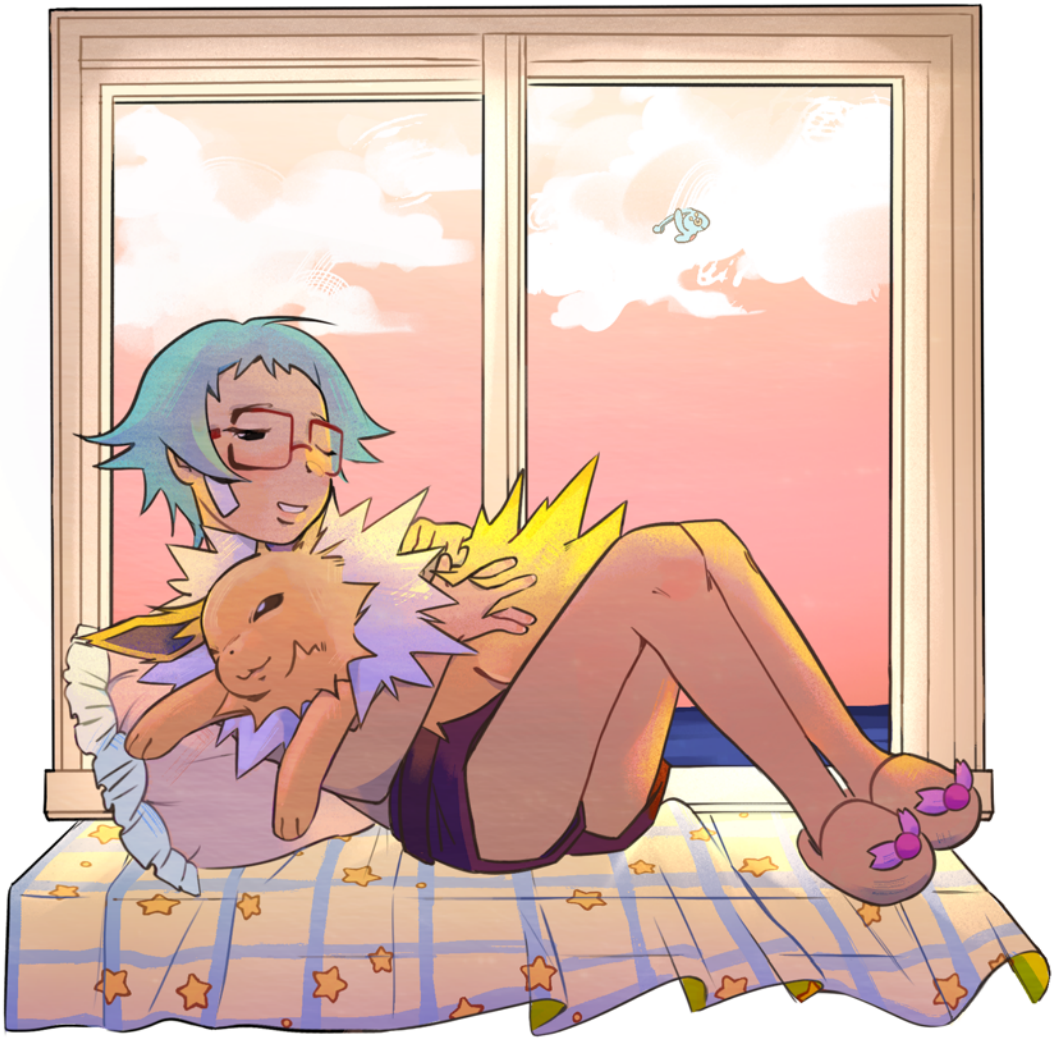
EclipsedLake

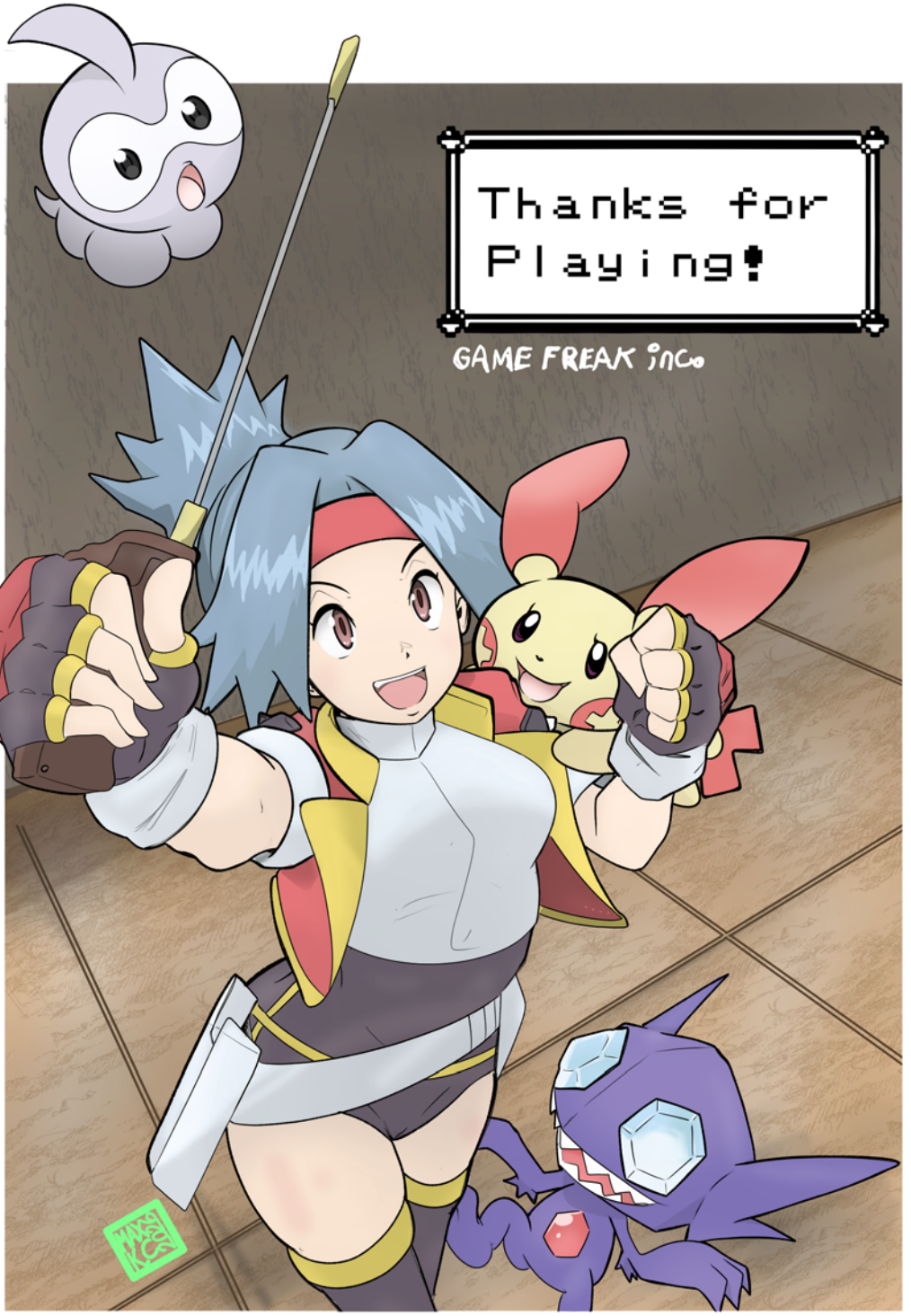
POKE RANGER
Piusle

x.com/poke_crys

OKAY YOU GUYS!
LET'S BURN THIS SLAB OF ICE DOWN!!!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA




Thanks for Playing!
GAME FREAK inc.

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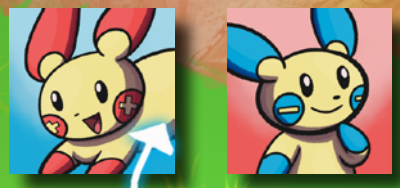

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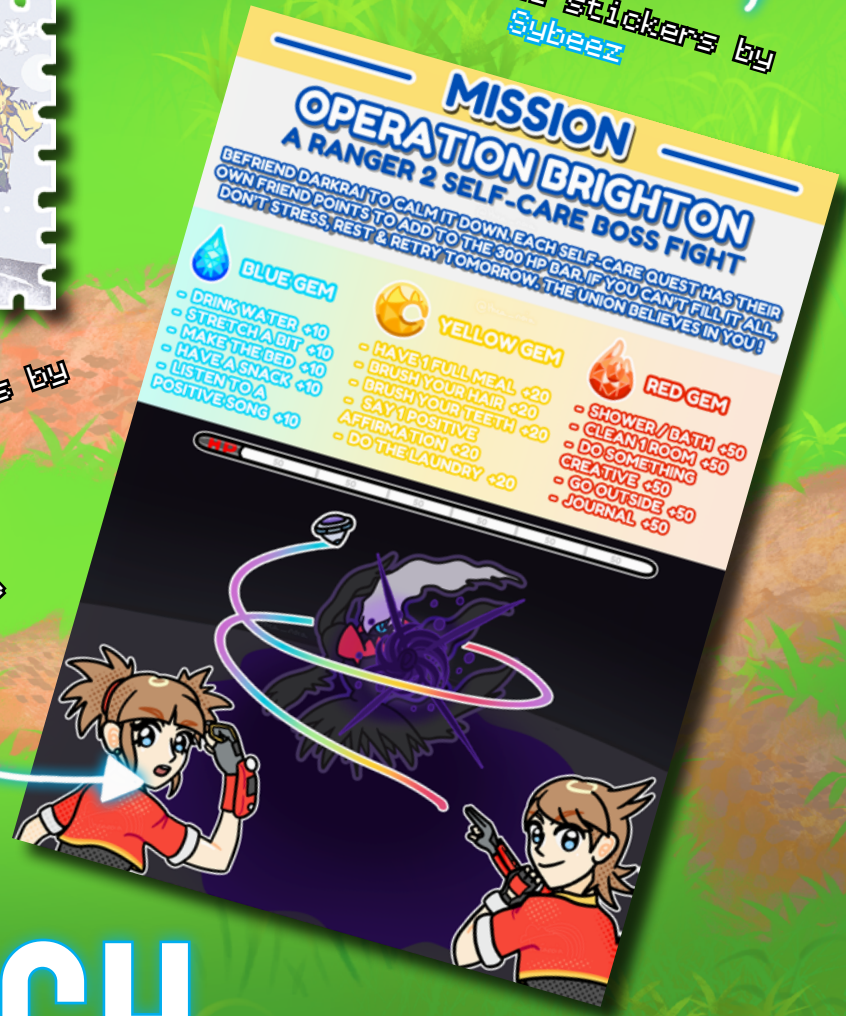
MISSION
OPERATION BRIGHTON
A RANGER 2 SELF-CARE BOSS FIGHT
BEFRIEND DARKRAI TO CALM IT DOWN. EACH SELF-CARE QUEST HAS THEIR OWN FRIEND POINTS TO ADD TO THE 300 HP BAR. IF YOU CAN'T FILL IT ALL, DON'T STRESS, REST & RETRY TOMORROW. THE UNION BELIEVES IN YOU!
BLUE GEM
- DRINK WATER +10
- STRETCH A BIT +10
- MAKE THE BED +10
- HAVE A SNACK +10
- LISTEN TO A POSITIVE SONG +10
YELLOW GEM
- HAVE 1 FULL MEAL +20
- BRUSH YOUR HAIR +20
- BRUSH YOUR TEETH +20
- SAY 1 POSITIVE AFFIRMATION +20
- DO THE LAUNDRY +20
RED GEM
- SHOWER / BATH +50
- CLEAN 1 ROOM +50
- DO SOMETHING CREATIVE +50
- GO OUTSIDE +50
- JOURNAL +50

Printable game by Théamoia

ZINE MERCH

THANK YOU!!!

Thank you to all who contributed, it's so nice to see the love for the series even after all this time, evident in all the beautiful work you see here, so thank you too for checking the zine out!

KeaneArts

Pokémon Ranger has been a series I've adored since it was very first released, so it's an honour to be part of a project dedicated to such an underrated spin-off! The passion and love of all our contributors is so clear to see in all of their pieces; getting to help the writers with their stories was super fun, and an amazing way to show my love to the series and its fans!
Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoy this lovely project <3

VeloxVoid

Thank you so much for downloading this zine. I played the games back in the day but I have to be honest I don't remember much (apart from my hand hurting from too much circling) so I have to thank my fellow mods for keeping the rangers in check and keeping track of things on this zine. It was a blast and I hope you all like the final result as much as I do.
Keep creating. See you in the next zine!

mini

COUNTDOWN ART

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Socials and Images are clickable

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FiireKat
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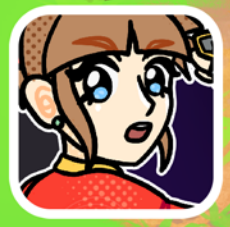

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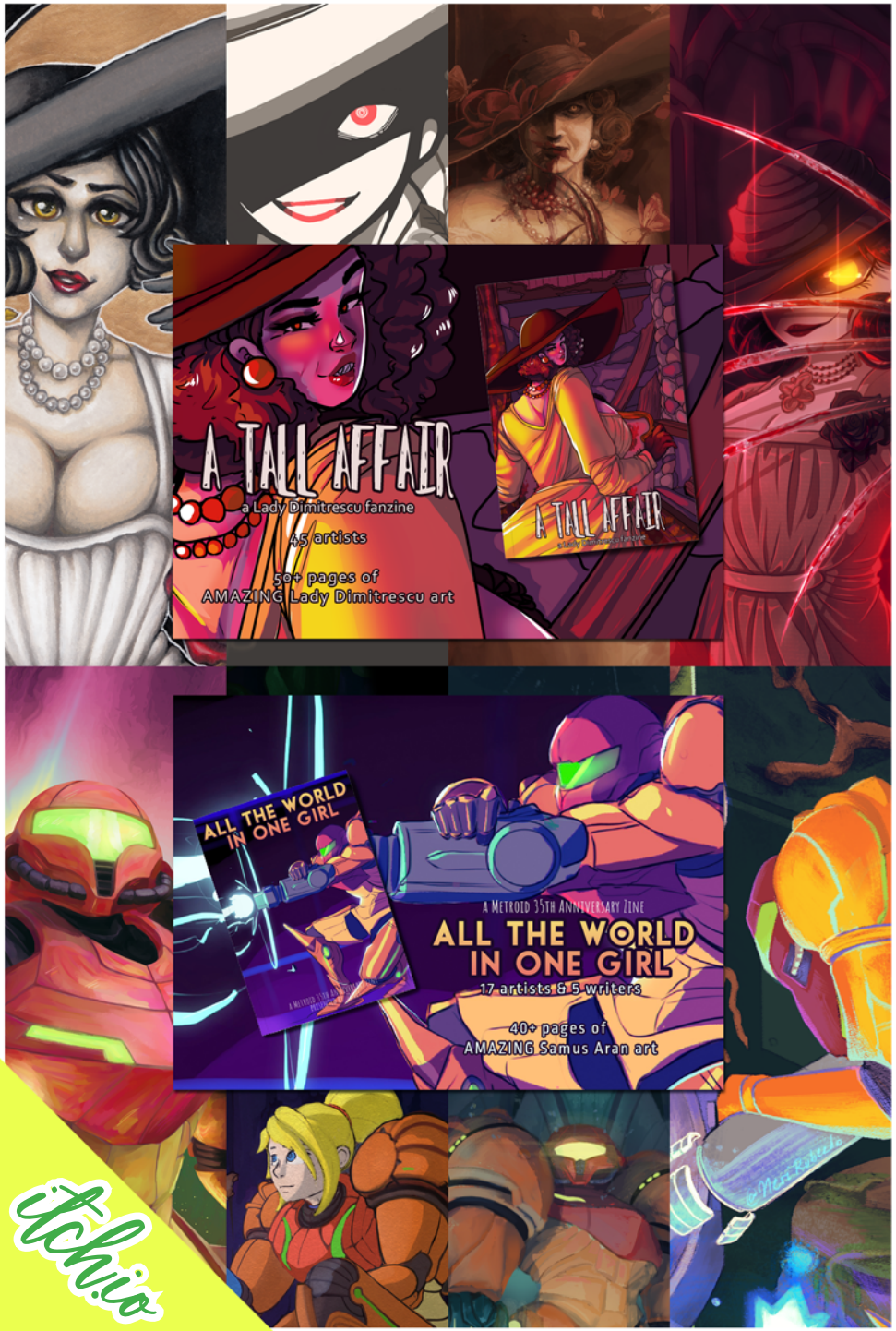
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ADDITIONAL CREDITS

- Pixel Code font by Qwerasd
- Zine Icons Font created by: rem

kitefullofkoi rem#0128 lunarkite

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